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# The Georgia Historical Quarterly

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Volume IV

DECEMBER, 1920

Numbers 4

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## EULOGY ON THE

### Life and Character of Dr. Noble Wymberley Jones

By DR. JOHN GRIMES

(*Conclusion*)

Did Hippocrates evince his love and attachment to his profession by the uncommon zeal and pains he took to instruct many of his own family in physical science, and sending them afterwards to practice in different countries, the most interesting in point of their medical history, with the command to dispense the beneficence of their art to all, especially the poor on the highway; and to report to him faithfully the results of their observation and experience in climates so opposite, the better to enlarge his own mind on the nature and cure of disease? Having first imparted to them his knowledge of the principles of medicine and his skill at observation, he sent Thessalus, his eldest son, to Thessaly; his younger son, Draco, to the Hellespont; and Polybus, his son-in-law, into another quarter of Greece.

The same spirit of devotion and reverence for medicine animated the labors and sweetened the professional cares of Doctor Jones. Proud of the honor of being a physician, convinced of the dignity and respect attached to all who discharge a right, and, with conscience, the solemn obligations of that avocation; sensible of the numerous blessings flowing to society, to humanity, from the well directed exertions of his profession; and anxious to discharge his overflowing philanthropy through that channel, he would gladly have rendered the names of Jones and Doctor indissoluble in his family forever. By his entreaties his only surviving child, Doctor George Jones, was induced, through a sentiment of

filial regard, to apply himself to medicine, contrary to his original bias. But he extended his solicitude to have his name connected with medicine still further. He was desirous that the present young Noble Wymberly Jones should *at once* perpetuate his name and his profession.

Like Hippocrates also he applied to comparative anatomy, with the view of enlarging his knowledge of the internal and intimate structure of man. The wild animals of the forest were made subservient to the benefit of his patients.

He continued to prosecute the duties of his profession in common with his father, until 1756, the three or four last years of which the burthen of the business devolved upon himself.

As the settlements extended, he obeyed professional calls into the country even as far as Sunbury, which is 40 miles from Savannah. The dangers and hardships of the Camp had already enured to habits of great labor, activity and vigilance. It would seem to have been the religion of his life to obey the calls of the sick with whatever difficulties and dangers they were accompanied. Such hazard was there to life from the ambuscade of the savage, and the lawless depredations of plundering banditti who lay in wait in the impenetrable morass and robbed and killed in the forest; that the practitioner who would then venture to visit alone in the country must have had a mind as bold and fearless as it was anxious to fulfill its obligations to his patients. On horseback, with a weapon of defense, Doctor Jones made his professional excursions from the city, whenever called upon either by night or day. I regret exceedingly that my personal acquaintance with Doctor Jones, formed in the latter part of the last year of his life, was necessarily so short; but I know enough of him to say that he was an excellent practitioner of medicine generally. He was correct in conception of disease, and bold and prompt in the application of his remedies. He was wedded to no particular system or mode of practice which left his mind free and open to suggestions from reason and changes in the indication of his patient's com-

plaints. He was cautious and precise in forming his opinion of a disease, and vigilant and active in executing it. The sensibility of his mind to the end of his life was so great as to be acted upon by the smallest portion of truth. While most physicians, from indolence and prejudice, become unchangeable in their principles and practice, before they are 40, Doctor Jones, at double that age, acknowledged and continued to embrace improvements in his profession. He was convinced that medicine is still in its infancy, and detested that stability in error so disgraceful to the healing art. Of this rare trait in his character and of the uncommon boldness and decision of his practice I became convinced, much to my satisfaction and astonishment, soon after my acquaintance with him.

In May, 1804, I consulted his aid in the treatment of a case of Opisthotomos to which I had been called, and proposed a plan of cure then new to him. Convinced of the usual inefficiency of all former methods, he readily assented, and urged it to an extent much beyond what experience had warranted, I believe to the safety of our patient.

Of the *originality* of his judgment and the accommodation of his practice to variations in the type and force of disease, I will mention another very conspicuous proof. Some time in the years between 1756 and 1761, a disease exhibiting all the essential characters of what has since been improperly called "yellow fever," visited Savannah. Finding the ordinary remedies for complaints of the season in which it invaded to be wholly ineffectual, he had recourse to bleeding and other depletive means, with benefit to his patients. This was a mode of practice then new and original in autumnal disease. In several other instances that have come to my knowledge, he has astonished his consulting brethren with the strength and boldness of his prescriptions and practice, of which the result always proved the correctness and depth of his judgment. Doctor Jones performed all the common operations in Chirurgery with dexterity and adroitness. He was particularly attentive to the cleanliness and condition of his chirurgi-

cal instruments, and used them as occasion required, with firmness and intrepidity, but he was chiefly pre-eminent in the art of the accoucheur. Here he was certainly master of his art. For knowledge and experience in this important branch of his profession, he was surpassed by none in this, or perhaps any *other* country. He practiced it with equal reputation in Philadelphia, Charleston and Savannah. Here even his competitors in the art acknowledged him dexterous and expert. Here, his patience, self-denial and devotion to his profession were particularly conspicuous, and excited the astonishment of all who knew him.

When called upon to administer relief in the line of his profession, his exertions were paramount to every difficulty. Neither the inclemency of the weather, the untimeliness of the hour, nor his own ill health, could operate as barriers to the accomplishment of his benevolent purpose. The stream of humanity springing from the copious reservoir of his heart was neither to be congealed by the wintry blasts nor evaporated by the summer blaze. Fed by a tributary streamlet from every fibre of his system, it could be exhausted only by the termination of his life. Sensible to the wants and sufferings of his patients, he was a stranger to that counterfeit humanity which evaporates in the empty parade and profession of sympathy. Leaving to others the suspicious practice of announcing in words their benevolent and charitable disposition, he spoke, by his actions, the reality of his feeling.

He was remarkably punctual to all his professional engagements, making every other kind of business subservient to them. Indeed, his devotion to his patients was such as to induce the belief that, regardless of emolument, motives of humanity were the only objects of his professional care. In his attendance upon the sick, he made their health his first object. So gentle and sympathizing was Doctor Jones' manner in a sick room that pain and distress seemed to be suspended in his presence. Humanity blessed his access, and hope followed his footsteps. He was compassionate and charitable to the poor; and made no distinction in his medical

services between them and the rich. Never, I venture to say it, never will Savannah again witness a physician possessed of as many amiable qualities as those which have endeared the memory of Doctor Jones. I smile under the magnitude of the subject.

Who has the language to express or can wield his pen to describe in a manner sufficiently vivid and glowing, the toils, the cares, the anxieties, and watchings of a physician such as our President was. Sedulously devoted to the best interests of his patients! But I acquire support from you citizens of Savannah who know and can conceive, better than I can paint, the inestimable value of his medical services. Are there any among you who do not recollect with sentiments of gratitude some signal mark of attention, benevolence and skill, bestowed upon the tender object of your solicitude or yourselves? When mankind in another far distant age shall have arrived at a more accurate and determinate knowledge of the, at present, secret and inexplicable motives to action in the human breast; when they shall have learned to reject from instances of human greatness the productions of base appetities and passions—the idolatry of the present day—and shall regard the quantity of volition expended and the sum of good attained by the exertions of man, as the only square and rule by which to adjudicate portions of reputation and fame; *then* shall beneficence, goodness and philanthropy exult in the reward of their services. Then shall the labors of the physician, exposing him to whatever is disgusting and offensive to the senses, stemming the torrent of disease, misery and distress; and moving in the silent and unambitious walks of his profession; excite the admiration, and insure the gratitude of the human race.

From this short and imperfect review of the life and early opportunities for medical improvement which Doctor Jones enjoyed, the inference is irresistible that, had these been such as are presented in a course of common medical education, he would have been as great in the *science* as he was in the *practice* of his profession. A mind such as he possessed,

laborious, minute and correct, could not fail to have imbibed with avidity, and improved upon, the knowledge of others. How vast is the difference between the avenues to medical knowledge which *he* commanded and those placed at the discretion of the common student of physic! The latter has presented to his juvenile and susceptible mind, systematized and cleansed from their rubbish, the facts, the opinions, the principles and the knowledge, which have been accumulated by the industry and genius of his ancestors from Hippocrates to Cullen, elucidated by lecture, and impressed by demonstration. Doctor Jones had the whole labor of thought and reason to perform for himself. What must the labors of that physiologist be, who, in forming just notions of the Zoonomia, (I mean the laws of organized life), never had his mind enriched by that preparatory knowledge which nothing but dissection, and the inspection of the various anatomical preparations of the human body *can* impart! What difficulties obscure the science of Pathology, when our knowledge of its basis, Physiology, is either small or incorrect; without these two main pillars, how tottering must be the Edifice of Medicine! Reflect, also, how many of the most perplexing intricacies of our science have been illustrated by that *halo* of light, with which chemistry has lately invested it. Within the limits of the last thirty years Chemistry has detected the nature and demonstrated the constituent parts of the element in which we live and upon which we depend for every moment of our existence. Within the same short time she has satisfied us upon the knotty and difficult subjects of respiration and animal heat; and convinced us that digestion is effected neither by trituration nor fermentation. She has exploded the ancient and very general *belief* of putrefaction in the fluids of the *living* system. She has purified and enlarged our views of the Materia Medica, and improved the science even of Chirurgery. She is now opening an extensive field of pneumatic remedies, and promises fairly to analyze that gas of Pandora which, in epidemic form, pervades the world. But with how many impediments do we meet in attempting to con-

ceive of and reason upon these brilliant discoveries, without the aid of the experiments and demonstrations of him who is skilled in this branch of our profession? Of these Doctor Jones was deprived both by the time of his application and the penury of his opportunities. When we consider this, and view the point of eminence he attained in his profession, we have a right to exclaim—He was a physician as *great* as he was *good*!

Doctor Jones' private, moral and religious character, was without a *shade* or a *blemish*. If the early part of his life, spent in the midst of toils, dangers, and watchings, had nerved his system and evolved his constitution to a degree well suited to the duties of an arduous and laborious profession, it will be admitted that it was exposed to causes unfriendly to the germination and growth of the seeds of humanity, morality and virtue. But neither the licentiousness and profligacy of the camp, nor the carnage of war, could harden the native susceptibility of his mind against that divine philanthropy which sympathizes in the distress and woe of another, or weaken the original propensity of his heart to whatever in piety and religion exalts and dignifies the human character. Having laid his hand upon the key that unlocks a knowledge of the causes which injure or ameliorate the physical and moral conditions of human nature, he applied it to himself with prudence and judgment, throughout his long life. To industry and activity he united the greatest temperance. With how much wisdom he adopted and practiced the latter virtue those know best who, like himself, are possessed of a knowledge of the deleterious effects of those physical agents which if they do not contract the sphere of life—a position he denied—do worse; in the destruction of our native susceptibility of moral and physical truth, and in the obliteration of that exalted sense—the lamp of the mind—the sense of *conscience* and of *God*.

Endowed naturally with the faculties for improvement, vast and infinite, we are ushered into a world of causes of opposite effects with the liberty to use or abuse them. Adapted



by the organization of our nature to hold extensive relation with external and surrounding objects, the most secret recesses of mind are not a sanctuary from their encroachment. Framed by the great Architect for the purpose of investigating, we are in turn affected by the objects of creation. Born with capacity only, we are indebted to these external agents not merely for the support and actions of life, but for the development of thought and mind. By them we move and exist; by them we are taught to cogitate, to reason, and to adore our Maker.

Amidst the causes which thus impart life and health to the body and organization and action to the mind, an infinity of others are blended which have the power to pervert and derange the one, and lay waste the other, to the influence of which we are equally propensed. Fortunate and happy indeed is he, therefore, who has acquired the sense to discriminate between them—who has the knowledge and wisdom to detect, and the fortitude and magnanimity to resist the *latter*. In this important branch of the philosophy of human life, the life of Doctor Jones abounds with examples of the greatest wisdom demonstrated in his action and conduct.

Led by his knowledge in Physiological Science to unravel the mazes which connect the mind and body in reciprocal action, he was struck with the mutual dependence and ultimate reciprocity of their movements, he saw that an agent or impression applied to the body, *by a law of physical necessity*, affected the mind also, and that the degree of influence communicated was exactly proportionate to the force, kind and quantity, of the agent, and the excitability of the part of the body to which the application is made. He also saw, that certain states of the mind, original in themselves, reverted their influence back upon the body. Conducted by the same channel of investigation, he beheld certain parts of the body, as well as certain states of the mind, linked together in more intimate and sensible connection than the rest, and exerted their reciprocal powers more quickly and extensively. Thus he contemplated the affections and gentle emotions of the

mind scintillating, from fibre to fibre, the flame of alacrity and excitement, grief, sorrow and despair, enervating the whole fabric, the angry passions distorting the heaven-born aspect of man with tumult and confusion, and extending their ravages to the throne of life while he viewed with delight and secret satisfaction salutary and benign influence which the understanding and the reason, the judgment and the moral faculty in friendship also with his exterior and social relations, imparted to the whole system of man. Thus, also, he contemplated with emotions of practical joy the *stomach*, like the sun in the center of the planetary system, diffusing the light and warmth of life and energy and darting its rays throughout the whole of the human system. The truth rushed in upon his mind, and he drew these grand practical inferences—that the *stomach* is the origin and fountain an important dispenser of motion and sympathetic association between the remote parts of the body and mind, that whatever impression or agent unnaturally affects or injures it, affects or injures, in the same degree, the whole system of life and thought; and that this fountain is curtailed in its powers of dispensation by whatever in aliment, or drink, or otherwise lessens and obtunds its native and original quantity of excitability—thus extinguishing the light of life and activity, in every corner of its associate dependencies.

Convinced of the truth of these important facts in the physical history of man, he sought about their application. In this research, he fell in with the vestiges, and pursued them to the stronghold of the *Monster*, whose syren voice breathed delight and destruction in the same blast. Here he beheld his gorgeous dwelling *enthroned* upon *Sensation*, and the sure ministers of his designs, under the mask of indulgence, pleasure, delight and ecstasy, laying waste the fairest portion of creation! Subverting the moral sense and sense of Deity, the main pillars of that noble edifice the mind; and ambuscading the walks of life, with disease, deformity and premature death! Thus inflicting on the human

race more pain and misery than the combined influence of pestilence and war! Persuaded of the necessary and inevitable deterioration of the moral and physical character of all who throw themselves within the sphere of the dominion of that Hydra (I mean sensation); and called upon by the destinies of professional education to exercise one of the most important functions in society; involving the obligation to display whatever of greatness and goodness he might profess; Doctor Jones put his habits, his manners, his passions and appetites under the control of his will. Hence he probably derived the reason of his temperance.

From the earliest accounts of him, to the end of his long life, he was a prodigy, in this country at least, of temperance, both in the indulgence of his appetite and the passions of his mind.

His diet, in the use of which he was singularly temperate, was simple and mostly vegetable. He ate sparingly of animal food, well done, with which he occasionally used pepper and salt. Among the articles of vegetable diet he gave the preference to wheat bread on which he was wont to make the principal part of his meal. He rejected the whole catalogue of condiments, except the two mentioned, and had a particular dislike to the saccharine and oleaginous, especially butter of the least rancidity. He had an aversion, also, to mutton, crabs and onions. Exclusive of these exceptions, he had no choice in the articles of his solid food. His politeness, however, always got the better of these antipathies, and induced him to partake of whatever was placed before him.

For many years before his death, he entirely rejected the use of vinous and spirituous fluids. In early and middle life, when much exhausted by the fatigues of his profession, he would take a draught of porter, or gin, much diluted; and, after dinner, one glass of wine. Next to water he preferred coffee. These were his only beverages for the last twelve years of his life. Of the latter, he was particularly fond, and used freely, whenever it was offered him. He drank it morning and eve-

ning and had recourse to it at all times, to relieve the fatigue, and to support the patience and vigilance, so certain and unavoidable, in line of his profession.

How fraught with happy effects would this lesson of experience be, if men generally, but especially physicians, could be induced to follow it! Fatigue and weariness necessarily molest the walks of your profession, but apply not for redress, O Physician, to the Omnipotent throne of alcohol of which wine is the gaudy appendage! Imitate the maxim of this veteran in our art! Exhilarate the exhausted powers of your system by the salutary and agreeable stimulus of coffee, which leaves no sting, hazards no virtue, destroys no talent. I shall make no apology for this minute detail of the furniture of the table and sideboard of our late President. It is no uninteresting part in the history of his life. Not only individuals, but whole nations, bear testimony to the good effects of simplicity and temperance in the use of aliments and drinks upon the moral and intellectual faculties and the longevity of man. Carneades, Edwards and Newton, accelerated the operations of their minds by temperance and abstinence. The Spartans probably owed their mental pre-eminence to their black broth. And the barley broth of Scotland has no doubt contributed much to that reputation for genius and learning which its inhabitants have acquired in every part of the world. But we shall never arrive at the certainty of system in our knowledge of the effects of aliments and drinks upon the human mind and body, till we preserve a minute record of the dietetic habits of men, with whom their salutary effects have been apparent. The influence which temperance exerts upon the moral faculty has rendered fasting a common ceremony in the religion of most countries. Did Doctor Jones owe to the toils and hardships of his early life much of the activity and vigor of his constitution? To industry combined with temperance we may attribute his longevity; to his simplicity and care in the indulgence of his appetite he was largely indebted for the vigor and strength in the faculties of

his mind; for that rectitude and dignity of character, and for the virtues which accompanied him to the end, and sustained him at the approach of death.

By thus resisting the influence of causes which enlarge the imagination and inflame the passions, at the expense of morals and judgment, he was enabled to subdue the original quickness and velocity of his temper; to cultivate his understanding; to expand his reason, and to cherish all the feelings of virtue and sociality. If by such habits, the limits of his fancy and imagination were bounded, and his passions lost their erratic tone, the other, and more useful, faculties of his mind and qualities of his heart, were strengthened and extended. His memory, perfect and juvenile in his last moments, was thus rendered an extensive and faithful repository of events, facts, opinions and principles. It was fed through the avenues of all his senses which to the end of an advanced old age were thus made to retain their nature and primitive sensibility.

From this copious reservoir his *will*, toned by temperance and industry, marshalled the materials of the operations of his reason and judgment unobscured by the vagaries of imagination and hypotheses. On the fine loom moves tissue of fancy. These agents, in the hands of Providence, made Doctor Jones what he was—a great and good man, and an excellent practitioner of the medical art. The early military habits of Doctor Jones were observable to the end of his life, in uniform neatness and cleanliness of his person, and the order in which he always kept his arms and accoutrements. In robust manhood he took much delight in the exercise and amusement of hunting on horseback. He was an excellent horseman and an uncommon good marksman.

I shall beg no pardon for being thus circumstantial in my detail of his private life. Even the amusements of men who have in any way distinguished themselves worthy of our admiration and praise, are not uninteresting anecdotes in an account of their lives.

Circumstances, often very slight and unperceived, have great effect in evolving and forming particular characters. Franklin acknowledged the force of this truth, when he detailed to us, in the history of his own life, his amusements of swimming and chessplaying. But the business of his profession alone gave Doctor Jones continued exercise, and occupied nearly the whole of his time. With these he mingled application to various subjects of knowledge. He read much, and chiefly upon medical, agricultural and political subjects.

His hours of study, the only time he could save from an extensive practice, were from 10 to 12 in the evening, and from 4 to 7 in the morning. He was a strict economist of time, which he appeared to consider as a species of property that no man had a right to take from him without his consent. It was by means of this economy and the system to which he reduced everything about him, that he was enabled to do so much in his profession; as much, if not more, than any of his younger brethren in this place could effect.

It may be well said of Doctor Jones that he lived by rule, without subjecting himself to the slavery of forms. He was always employed, but never in a hurry.

In the early part of his life he commonly devoted 6 or 7 hours out of the 24 to sleep. But the frequent interruptions to repose from professional calls induced a habit in him, at length, of waking up almost every hour of the night. For the last thirty years, three or four hours of sleep sufficed with him to recruit the exhaustion of the day.

We have to regret, in common with the rest of the inhabitants of Savannah, the devastation on property, committed by the fire of 1796. By that accident Doctor Jones was deprived of all of his books and papers, and use of many valuable and interesting documents, particularly his records of the condition and phenomena of our climate, which he had kept for many years. Convinced of the great and very extensive influence which temperatures and other conditions of the at-

mosphere exert in the production and prevalence of disease, he made meteorology for many years an object of his particular attention. Of his accuracy and faithfulness in recording the phenomena of this interesting science, he has left behind him some instructing monuments. Numbers from 1796 to the first day of the present year have been preserved. From a cursory review of them, it appears that he took particular notice of the degrees of heat, both in the sun and shade, and at different times in the day and night, of the direction of the currents of the air, of the quantity and frequency of rains, of the different degrees of dampness and clearness of the atmosphere, of the aerial electricity and explosion, and of frosts and high winds—all as they appeared conjointly or separately. In the course of a month there was not a single hour in the day and night against which the observation of temperature was not marked once or oftener, but commonly his hours of observation were 2, 5, 7 and 12 in the fore and 2 and 10 in the afternoon. He continued these observations to the day of the illness which terminated his valuable life. On that day, the 1st of January, as if *willing* to undertake another *year* of labor and observation, and *determined* not to outlive his usefulness, he made the following, his last record of the weather: "January 1st, 1805—at 3 a. m. the heat forty degrees; clear and starlight."

After the fire of 1796 Doctor Jones retired into the country with the intention of declining practice; but he soon became convinced that habits of industry and activity, once formed, could not be laid aside with impunity. Under a life of country indolence, his active mind and body both languished and grew sick. His extremities, long accustomed to the tone of continued exercise and motion, became fatigued by rest; waxed painful and swollen, and threatened abscess. Having remained in this condition in the country about six weeks, he was advised by his friends to return again to the busy scenes of practice. He complied; and when upward of 70 years of age re-entered with as much industry as ever the

beloved theater of his professional actions, which he continued with a renewal of cheerfulness and health to the first day of the present year.

Doctor Jones' social and domestic character was the most *mild* and *amiable*. If he could say nothing commendatory of one, he avoided giving or offering an opinion. His benevolence and charity were unbounded. He preserved economy in all his *own expenses*; but gave liberally to the poor and all useful institutions. He was long a member of the Union Society, of this place, and several times its President. This is the oldest and most respectable charitable institution in the state. His modesty was so great, that he cautiously avoided mentioning any material action of his life, lest it should have the air of vanity. His delicacy of manner was such that he was seldom known to ask for refreshment or make known a want, fearing it might occasion what he deemed trouble. Knowing his disposition, his family always had prepared, as if it were by accident, whatever they thought would be agreeable to him. He was indulgent to his servants, and so extremely affectionate to his relatives that he forgot his own indisposition while watching over and attending upon them when sick. For his success in his profession and all the services he had been enabled to bestow upon his family, his fellow citizens, and his country, he gave to God the praise; without prejudice, superstition or bigotry, he believed and practiced the wide and rational precepts of our holy religion. To the silence of medical infidelity be it spoken, that those who have the most improved and adorned our profession, in all ages, have been the friends and supporters of religion. Nor shall I defile the purity of their religious character, if to Hippocrates and Galen in the first, and Sydenham, Hoffman and Boerhaave in the middle, I add Doctor Jones to Cheselden and Fothergill, in the modern, age of medicine. In the progress of my inquiry after anecdotes of the early life and character of our President, I had recourse to the oldest memories the circle of my acquaintance furnished. All of them cherished a faithful record of the virtues I have attempted to portray. One of these, in which



the dementing inroads of time had obscured the recollection of almost every event still retained, asseverated this forcible expression: "That he was as good a man as ever lived! Indeed, were I permitted to epitomize his character. I would exclaim, in the apposite eulogy on Hippocrates by Galen; 'That there was but *one* sentiment in his soul, and that was the love of doing *good*; and, in the course of his *long life*, but *one* act, and that was the *relieving the sick*.'" "

Doctor Jones had fourteen children, and survived them all but his son, whom we have mentioned. The day on which he was taken ill was the fiftieth of his nuptials. It was a custom with him to celebrate its anniversary by assembling his numerous family to dinner with him. This patriarchal assembly convened for the last time on the 1st of January, 1804. He then observed to his son, "It was the best he could give," and requested him to prepare the next, should he and the ancient partner of his life, be still living. The welcome injunction was obeyed, and an invitation sent to his parents to which he received as apology the indisposition of his father.

From much fatigue and exposure to cold in attending upon several obstetric patients, the two or three last nights, Doctor Jones was attacked on the morning of the 1st of January, 1805, with pain in his back and extremities, particularly his feet and legs, which he said had been much affected by the severity of the cold. In this condition, he returned from visiting some of his patients, about 10 o'clock in the morning; and was advised by his son to rest and the use of medicine. His friends hoped that his indisposition was slight, and, arising mostly from fatigue, would be removed by refreshment and gentle means; but he had and expressed from the first of his going to bed, a presentiment that his illness would be fatal. His disease continued two or three days, as it commenced, without assuming any characteristic or specific form. It was fever of the Synocha grade of excitement, with a sense of weariness and lassitude over the system generally, attended with some pain in the lumbar regions and extremities, frequently changing place, and with cramps in the muscles of his legs.

He was now about his eightieth year, had never been bled, and only once blistered, from which he then suffered so much that he felt loath ever after to recur to their use. These considerations induced in himself a disinclination to use, and in his attendants to urge, at first either of these remedies, so obviously indicated. Thus several days elapsed under a mild depleted regimen; then his disease which as yet had worn only the livery of the complaints of the season, evolved itself. It was now evidently the pneumonic state of fever, with an aggravation of all the original symptoms. The lancet and vesicating remedies were now urged by his physicians. "Though," he said, "he had himself no hope of relief from remedies, he conceived it a duty he owed to his family and his Maker to submit to whatever treatment was advised." Blood was let three or four times, which exhibited much inflammatory scurf; blisters were applied and the antiphlogistic system adopted in its extent. The activity and force of his pulse continued unrestrained, and his malady augmented. His arteries would seem to have been literally the *ultimum moriens* of his system, such was the force and vigor of their action to the very last. The citizens of Savannah evinced their love and affection, and the whole medical faculty of this place their respect for Doctor Jones, by their frequent calls and inquiries after his health.

About 1 o'clock in the afternoon of the 8th day of his indisposition he requested that, having submitted to treatment which had been painful and ineffectual, for the satisfaction of his family and friends, finding it was difficult to swallow, and feeling that he had but a few more hours to remain in this life, he might be indulged to *sleep them away*.

He fell into a doze; and about 3 o'clock on the morning of the 9th, he expired, without a struggle or a groan! The solemnity of this scene, the most impressive I ever witnessed, affected and depressed my mind in a peculiar manner. It was such an emotion of soul, such as any of you would have felt at contemplating so much virtue, goodness and greatness,

paying the debt of mortality! Our President is no more! At this mournful event, every bosom heaves the heartfelt sigh; every mind is affected with grief, sorrow and regret!

To you, respectable relicts of his departed worth, the loss is peculiarly afflicting—is irreparable—but I am advancing on forbidden ground. A regard, I hope a delicate and proper one, for the feelings of some of those who honor me with their presence, forbids my touching on a subject so affecting. It would be rude indeed thus publicly to intrude upon the sanctuary of recent sorrow. The feeling bosom can well appreciate this truth, that there is a degree of woe which must be suffered to retire and weep. It is only the silence and secrecy of sorrow that are truly divine. What consolation can we offer to the immediate relatives of our departed President, when we have not yet obtained consolation for ourselves! The emotions of joy which should have hailed the access of this day, the first anniversary of the birth of Medical Science in our state, are destroyed by the melancholy recognition of the death of its progenitor and father! The hall of philosophic fraternity is converted into the Temple of Mourning! The orphan genius of our Infant Institution celebrates the first annual morn of its nativity, bathed in sorrow, and despair, for the loss of the venerable author of its existence. Thus, their as well as our, *only* resource lies in the mellowing influence of time, and a calm resignation to the will of that Being who gave and has recalled our, as well as their, endeared and beloved ancestor. Let them as well as ourselves be comforted! His venerable shade has flown to a mansion where it is reposing from its toils and labors, and enjoying an *eternity* of *youth* in the retribution of his virtues and his services.

From that region of beatitude and everlasting joy let fall, O Venerable Shade! the mantle of thy protection, upon this Infant Society. Impart to it the duration and firmness of thy own nature. Inspire its members with that holy ardor in the duties of their profession, which animated thee, and caused to be inscribed on the door of the Hall of its Assemblies: "*Let no man enter here, who is not devoted to Medicine.*"